DARK HORSE COMICS

#3

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THE YOUNG INDIANA JONES CHRONICLES™

BY DAN BARRY & GRAY MORROW

THE YOUNG INDIANA JONES CHRONICLES™

BRITISH EAST AFRICA

SEPTEMBER 1909

Script by **Dan Barry**

Artwork by **Gray Morrow**

Letters by **Gail Beckett**

Colors by **Chris Chalenor & Rochelle Menashe**

Edited by **Barbara Kesel**

Adapted from the teleplay by **Matthew Jacobs**

Story by **George Lucas**

This is a work of fiction. While young Indiana Jones is portrayed as taking part in historical events and meeting real figures from history, many of the characters in the book as well as the situations and locales described are inventions of the author's imagination. In addition, where real historical figures and events are described, the author has, in some cases, altered the chronology and historical facts for dramatic effect.

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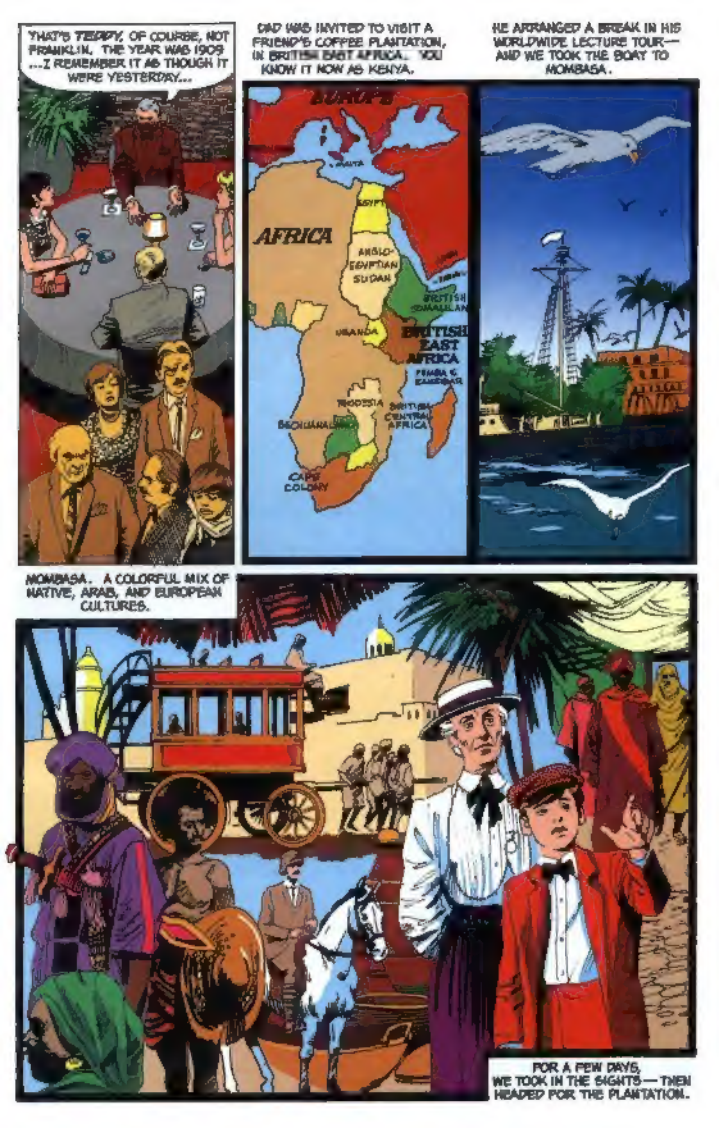
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO "DO-IT-YOURSELF"?
BEG YOUR PARDON? UH, SIR—YOU ARE HERE FOR THE CHARITY LUNCHEON?
69
VALET PARKING
NONE OF YOUR LIMP-WRIST SARCASM, YOUNG MAN! THIS CAR IS A CLASSIC...
PUT ONE SCRATCH ON HER AND I'LL REARRANGE THAT SMILE ON YOUR FACE!—
HEAR?
HMPH...!
BENEFIT LUNCHEON NEW YORK CHAPTER MULTI-RACIAL EDUCATIONAL TRUST FUND

YOUR TABLE, SIR...
HI. MIND IF I JOIN YOU?
SOMETHING WRONG, MA'AM?
OH, THE HAT...
SORRY. IT'S BEEN WITH ME SO LONG, IT'S ALMOST GRAFTED ON!
OH, NO. A COUPLE OF WINNERS!
TOM! NORMA! HOW MARVY!
SELINA! HAVE YOU BEEN OUT TRAPPING?
OH, SELINA, YOU ARE SO UNAWARE. DRESSED IN THE SKINS OF SLAUGHTERED ANIMALS. POLLUTING OUR AIR...
NORMA, PLEASE. DON'T BE SO SELF-RIGHTEOUS.
SELF-RIGHTEOUS? BECAUSE I CARE?! I CARE ABOUT OUR PLANET...ABOUT REDRESSING THE BALANCE WE HUMANS HAVE DESTROYED?
AH, YES — THE BALANCE OF NATURE. THAT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING FROM MY YOUTH — BACK WHEN I WAS TEN YEARS OLD.
HUHN?!
YES, I CAN REMEMBER WHEN SHOOTING AN ANIMAL WAS REGARDED AS AN ACT OF CONSERVATION!
HUH?
PREPOSTEROUS!!
NO, IT'S QUITE TRUE. THIS IS FIRST HAND. I WAS THERE — ON SAFARI WITH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT...


THAT'S TEDDY, OF COURSE, NOT FRANKLIN. THE YEAR WAS 1909 ...I REMEMBER IT AS THOUGH IT WERE YESTERDAY...
DAD WAS INVITED TO VISIT A FRIEND'S COFFEE PLANTATION, IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA... YOU KNOW IT NOW AS KENYA.
HE ARRANGED A BREAK IN HIS WORLDWIDE LECTURE TOUR— AND WE TOOK THE BOAT TO MOMBASA.
EUROPE
LIBYA
EGYPT
AFRICA
ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SUDAN
ITALIAN SOMALILAND
BRITISH SOMALILAND
UGANDA
BRITISH EAST AFRICA
PEMBA & ZANZIBAR
RHODESIA
BECHUANALAND
BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA
CAPE COLONY
MOMBASA. A COLORFUL MIX OF NATIVE, ARAB, AND EUROPEAN CULTURES.
FOR A FEW DAYS, WE TOOK IN THE SIGHTS — THEN HEADED FOR THE PLANTATION.

MR. MEDLICOT WAS THERE TO GREET US...
HENRY!
RICHARD!
I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS.
OH...?
DON'T BOTHER TO UNPACK! YOU'RE ALL COMING WITH ME — ON SAFARI!
REALLY?!
YES — YOUR EX-PRESIDENT, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, HAS INVITED YOU TO JOIN HIM!
WELL, HOP TO! WE'VE GOT A TRAIN TO CATCH!
WOW! TEDDY ROOSEVELT! THE ROUGH RIDER! GO-OLL-LY!
WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO NAIROBI ON THE NEWLY OPENED RAIL LINE. A DREAM ADVENTURE TO A TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY. THAT IS, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN...

...EXCEPT FOR THE BUGS — AN ENDLESS VARIETY OF THEM...
...AND RICHARD MEDLICOT'S STORIES — AN ENDLESS MONOTONY OF THEM.
...SO QUEEN VICTORIA SAID, "OH, LET THE KAISER HAVE HIS BLESSED MOUNTAIN!" AND THAT IS WHY MOUNT KILIMANJARO IS IN GERMAN HANDS.
I'D READ ABOUT THIS LAND IN ADVENTURE BOOKS. BUT SEEING IT WAS DIFFERENT.
I WAS LOOKING AT THE GARDEN OF EDEN BEFORE THE FALL OF MAN!

WE ARRIVED AT THE SAFARI CAMP ON HORSEBACK. I DIDN'T SEE THE PRESIDENT. HE WAS OFF HUNTING.

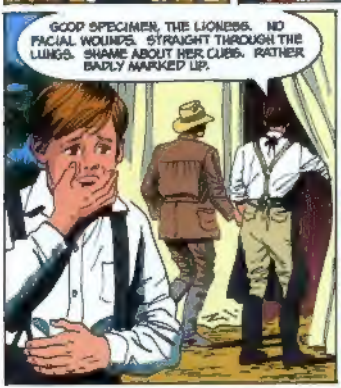
I COULDN'T WAIT TO GET UNPACKED.

MR. MEDLICOT SHOWED ME AROUND THE CAMP. I MET FREDERICK SELOUS, ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN HUNTERS IN ALL OF AFRICA.

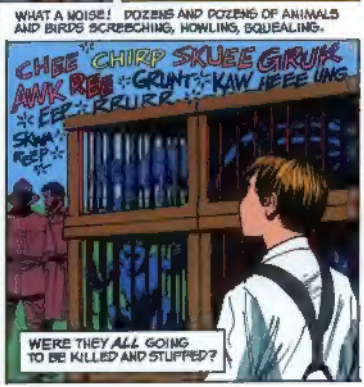
AND MR. HELLER, THE TAXIDERMIST.

HELLO, HENRY. I DON'T THINK YOU'LL WANT TO SHAKE MY HAND.
HE PREPARES SPECIMENS FOR SHIPMENT BACK TO THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

ONE OF THE LESS GLAMOROUS JOBS, BUT ALL FOR THE SAKE OF SCIENCE. NEXT TIME YOU STARE AT A LION IN A MUSEUM, THINK OF ME—AND MY BLOODIED HANDS!



WHAT A NOISE! DOZENS AND DOZENS OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS SCREECHING, HOWLING, SQUEALING.



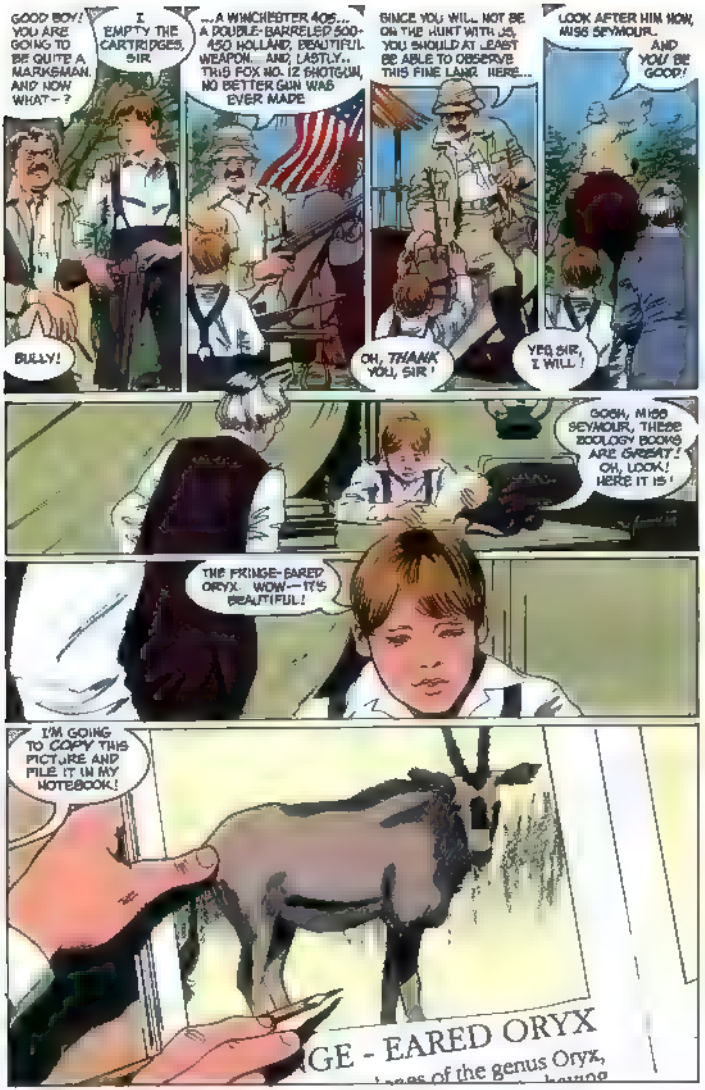
AT THE BACK OF THE TENT, CARCASSES WERE PILED OUT ON A BLUFF.
FROM THE EDGE OF THE BLUFF, I FIRST SAW IT...
WOW! A NATIVE VILLAGE!
?!
?!

HENRY! HENRY! THEY'RE BACK!
OH, BOY, ROOSEVELT'S BACK!
KERMIT! ARE YOU READY?!
YES, DAD! ALL SET! COME ON IN!
WHOOMP
WOW!

IN THE FLESH... YET LARGER THAN LIFE. THE PRESIDENT/ AND I HAD DINNER WITH HIM, SAT AT THE CAMPFIRE WITH HIM...
...LISTENING TO HIM TALK ABOUT MY DAD'S BOOKS. I COULDN'T
[illegible] ME, DAD [illegible] POUND THE REFERENCE...
YOU SEE: THE FRINGE-EARED ORYX. THEY CLEARLY INDICATE THIS AREA AS BEING ITS PRIME BREEDING GROUND. THERE SHOULD BE THOUSANDS OF THEM HERE
WELL, THAT'S QUITE A MYSTERY, THEN.
MIND YOU, THIS WAS WRITTEN TWENTY YEARS AGO
THEY CAN'T HAVE JUST DIED OUT—NOT IN A MERE TWENTY YEARS.
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL..
INDEED, MRS. JONES. AND THEY SHOULD BE HERE [illegible] IT'S MOST PUZZLING...
TWEEE
SQUEE
MRRRRAWRRRM

RR RO-OW-ROW
GROWRRAR
ALL THE OTHER NOISES HAVE STOPPED!
THAT ROARING WOULD BE A LION, I SUPPOSE
MMMMMMM....HUMM ...AH ..WAY AIAI ... HMMMMMHWAY...
INDEED
AT LEAST WE'RE IN SAFE COMPANY
NO HUNTER IS SAFE, MISS SEYMOUR. TODAY I SHOT A LIONESS. HER MATE WAS NEARBY...
YES, I TRIED TO KILL THE MATE, BUT ONLY WOUNDED IT UNFORTUNATE.. A WOUNDED LION IS BAD BUSINESS... JOHNSON?
YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT OLD STORY, TEDDY?
STORY?! I WAS THERE.
THE MAN WAS SO FRIGHTENED, HE BUILT A TREE-HOUSE. BUT THE WOUNDED LION STOLE INTO THE CAMP
AND SMELLED HIM OUT!

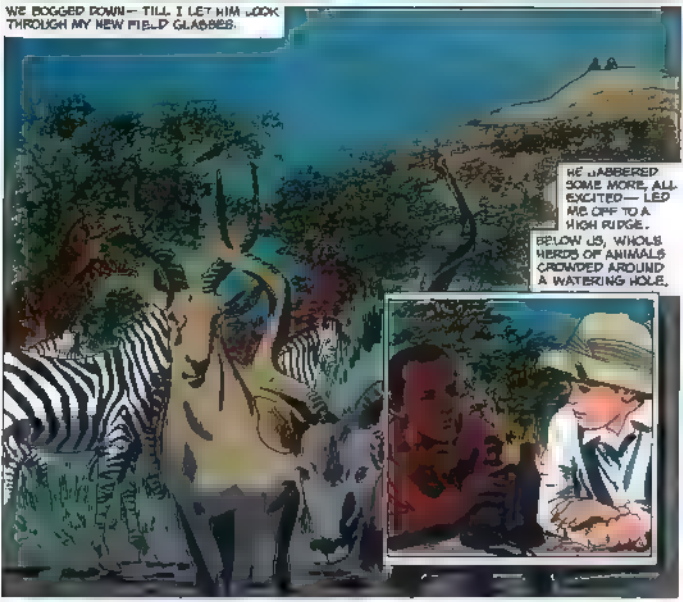
NOTHING WE COULD DO. BEFORE WE COULD REACT, THE CHAP WAS GONE.
WOUNDED LIONS. NOT TO BE UNDERESTIMATED.
DO YOU KNOW HOW TO SHOOT A GUN, HENRY?
N-NO SIR
HE'S ONLY TEN...
WHEN I WAS TEN, I HAD AN INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF FIREARMS. TOMORROW I WILL TEACH YOU
YOU WILL?!
INDEED.
NOW SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER, HENRY. DON'T PULL IT, SQUEEZE IT.
BULLY! WELL DONE, LAD. NOW AGAIN.


GOOD BOY! YOU ARE GOING TO BE QUITE A MARKSMAN, AND NOW WHAT--?
I EMPTY THE CARTRIDGES, SIR
BULLY!
...A WINCHESTER 405... A DOUBLE-BARRELED 500-450 HOLLAND, BEAUTIFUL WEAPON... AND, LASTLY.. THIS FOX NO. 12 SHOTGUN, NO BETTER GUN WAS EVER MADE
SINCE YOU WILL NOT BE ON THE HUNT WITH US, YOU SHOULD AT LEAST BE ABLE TO OBSERVE THIS FINE LAND HERE...
OH, THANK YOU, SIR!
LOOK AFTER HIM NOW, MISS SEYMOUR.. AND YOU BE GOOD!
YES SIR, I WILL!
GOSH, MISS SEYMOUR, THESE ZOOLOGY BOOKS ARE GREAT! OH, LOOK! HERE IT IS!
THE FRINGE-EARED ORYX. WOW--IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
I'M GOING TO COPY THIS PICTURE AND FILE IT IN MY NOTEBOOK!
GE - EARED ORYX
of the genus Oryx,

I NEED SOME EXERCISE.
VERY WELL. DON'T STRAY TOO FAR
I MEANT TO FIND THE ORYX FOR THE PRESIDENT FOR HELLER AND FOR THE SMITHSONIAN!
HELLO...
WHAT'S HE STARING AT?
OH .. VULTURES..
SO. ?
OH.
WHOOOSH
I GUESS IT WAS HIS WAY OF OPENING A CONVERSATION. GOT OFF A PRETTY GOOD THROW, TOO.

THUNK
I WAS LUCKIER BULL'S-EYE!

SUDDENLY HE WAS JABBERING AWAY IN HIS NATIVE TONGUE. MAA, IT'S CALLED. I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND . . BUT I KNEW I'D BROKEN THE ICE

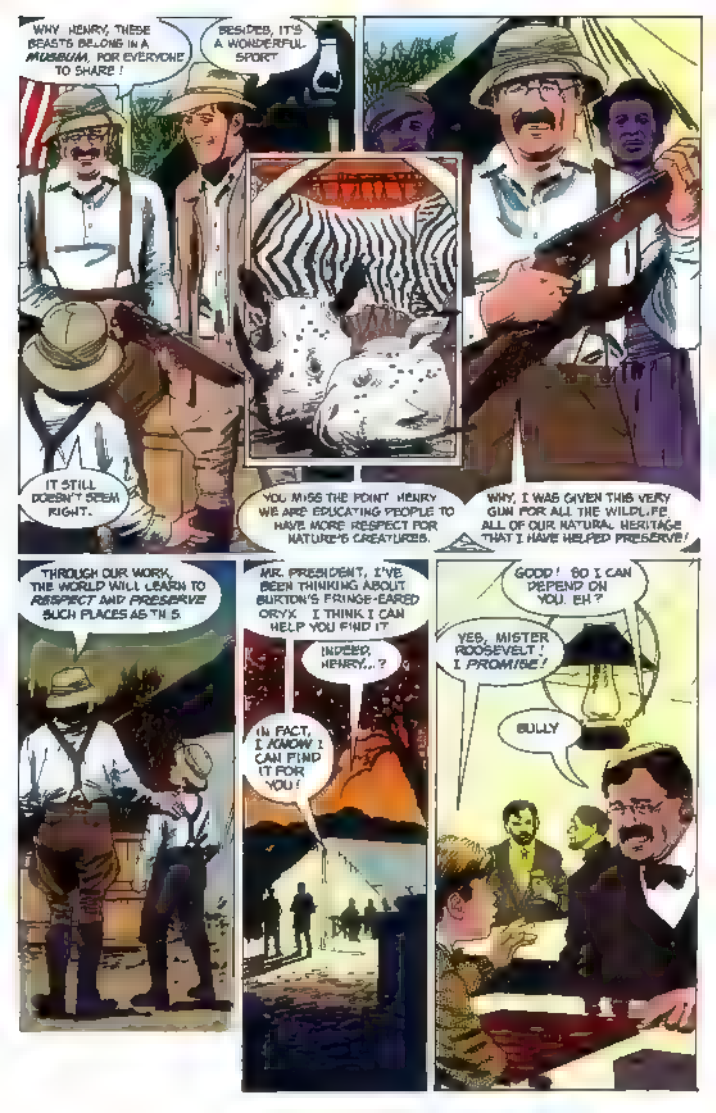

WE BOGGED DOWN— TILL I LET HIM LOOK THROUGH MY NEW FIELD GLASSES.
HE JABBERED SOME MORE, ALL EXCITED— LED ME OFF TO A HIGH RIDGE.
BELOW US, WHOLE HERDS OF ANIMALS CROWDED AROUND A WATERING HOLE.

(NO. SLOW DOWN. SLOW DOWN.)*
* IN MAA
(STOP!!)*
* MAA

WATCH HG THE KILL, I MUST HAVE BLANCHED
METO SAW IT DIFFERENTLY

NATURE IN ACTION I'D ACCEPT THAT, OTHER
KILLS WERE HARDER TO SWALLOW.

(BEAUTIFUL.... BEAUTIFUL....)
IT TOOK QUITE A TIME TO GET THIS ONE. SHE WAS CHARGING RIGHT AT ME
THE WHITE RHINO IS VERY RARE, YOU KNOW. ONLY A FEW LEFT. WITH THESE TWO, WE'VE BAGGED SEVEN SO FAR.
IF THEY'RE SO RARE, MR PRESIDENT, WHY DO YOU KILL SO MANY?


WHY, HENRY, THESE BEASTS BELONG IN A MUSEUM, FOR EVERYONE TO SHARE!
BESIDES, IT'S A WONDERFUL SPORT
IT STILL DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT.
YOU MISS THE POINT HENRY WE ARE EDUCATING PEOPLE TO HAVE MORE RESPECT FOR NATURE'S CREATURES.
WHY, I WAS GIVEN THIS VERY GUN FOR ALL THE WILDLIFE ALL OF OUR NATURAL HERITAGE THAT I HAVE HELPED PRESERVE!
THROUGH OUR WORK, THE WORLD WILL LEARN TO RESPECT AND PRESERVE SUCH PLACES AS 'IN S
MR. PRESIDENT, I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT BURTON'S FRINGE-EARED ORYX. I THINK I CAN HELP YOU FIND IT
INDEED, HENRY...?
IN FACT, I KNOW I CAN FIND IT FOR YOU!
GOOD! SO I CAN DEPEND ON YOU, EH?
YES, MISTER ROOSEVELT! I PROMISE!
BULLY

(ORYX...)
(YES, METO, ORYX SPECIAL ORYX.)
ORYX FRINGE EARED
FRINGE-EARED ORYX
(WE GO FIND THIS? YES?)
?
(OH, YES, INDY, I SHOW YOU FRINGE-EARED ORYX.)
LATIN...
OH, DEAR. I DOZED OFF.
HENRY...
HENRY?

(ORYX... UP HERE.)
(H-HERE?)
WHAT'S IT DOING UP HERE?
SSSSSST
METO!
(INDY... DON'T MOVE!)
(DON'T MOVE...)
HISSSS!
(NOW!)

WHEW!...GOLLEE
(FRINGE EARED ORYX HERE...)
HUHN...?
OH "GRODAN'S" CAVE PAINTINGS
(ORYX)
NO, NO, METO. THE REAL ORYX. WHERE CAN I FIND IT?
(WHERE, METO? WHERE?)
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. I HAVE TO FIND IT I PROMISED THE PRES DENT.
NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. HOW COULD YOU...?
INDY...(COME!)

PROFESSOR! I CAN'T ..FIND HENRY ... ANYWHERE!
WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE HIM?
ABOUT TWO ... MAYBE THREE HOURS AGO!
PERHAPS HE'S GONE EXPLORING AND LOST TRACK OF TIME!
THIS WILDERNESS IS NO PLACE TO GO MISSING
WE'D ALL BETTER SPLIT UP AND SEARCH THE CAMP AGAIN!
OH, NO!
ANNA, YOU WILL LOOK INTO ALL THE TENTS — I'LL SEARCH THE RIDGE WE WILL FIND HIM!
NOY — COME!
(COME!)

(INDY... COME.)
"QUIET! CHATTERING MONKEYS!"
HELLO.
YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?
NO.
OH

(WE FIND ORYX, YES?)
(FIRST WE FIND LAIBON.
(LAIBON? WHAT'S THAT?)
(LAIBON!)

LAIBON?
—BUT WHAT ABOUT THE ORYX?
TO BE CONTINUED...

WHO ARE THOSE GUYS?

By KURT BUSIEK

Hello again. Finished the story? Good. Let's recap: Last issue young Indy met T.E. Lawrence and Howard Carter, and we told you something about who they were and why they were important to history. This issue, young Indy's adventures continue to supply us with notable historical figures — specifically Pancho Villa, John J. Pershing and George S. Patton. Let's get started, shall we?

* * * * *

To understand Pancho Villa, you need to know a little about Mexico. In 1877, when Doroteo Arango — who would become Villa — was born in the province of Durango, it was a bad time for most of the people of Mexico. The regime of Porfirio Diaz, the brutal and corrupt dictator who would rule the country for more than three decades, had begun. And poor folk like Arango lived in virtual slavery. Mexico's land was divided up into *haciendas* — huge estates made of land swindled from the Mexican people by greedy speculators and dishonest officials — and those who worked the land for the wealthy owners had no rights whatsoever. Peons weren't paid in cash but in "scrip," worthless everywhere but at the hacienda's store, where the peons had to buy at whatever prices the owners set, guaranteeing that they would always be in debt. Peons could not leave the hacienda without paying off their debt, which was impossible — and their children were bound by their parents' debt, so this harsh injustice continued from generation to generation.

When Doroteo Arango was a young man, the hacienda owner's son raped his sister. Arango killed him to avenge her, and then fled, becoming an outlaw and adopting the name Francisco "Pancho" Villa. Villa became a romantic figure, hailed as a Mexican Robin Hood, robbing from the rich and giving to the poor. But his temper and cruelty made him as feared as he was admired. Still, his fight against the Diaz regime made him a rallying point in a country burning for revolution.

The revolution broke out in 1910, after the presidential election. Before that year, elections meant little, since anyone who seriously opposed Diaz could count on being brutalized, jailed or killed. But Diaz had announced that he was stepping down, spurring Francisco Madero to run for president on a platform of social reform. Then Diaz changed his mind and ran, in an election so full of fraud and intimidation that the final tally counted only 196 votes for Madero in all of Mexico. Madero fled to the United States and began planning an armed rebellion. Madero himself was unable to accomplish much, but Villa and other bandit chieftains, such as Pascual Orozco and Emiliano Zapata, spurred on by Madero's friends and their own rage against Diaz, began the rebellion in earnest.

Villa and the other revolutionaries found the battle easier than they expected. Diaz's army had been riddled with corruption for so long that its soldiers were poorly trained, poorly equipped and led by officers whose main concern had been how much money they could squeeze out of the budget for themselves. Many soldiers deserted rather than face the rebels, and those soldiers who remained had undependable weapons. By the end of May 1911, Diaz had been forced to resign and flee the country.

But though revolutionary spirit had taken the day in Mexico, Madero was not a leader capable of rebuilding the country. The result was years of war and chaos as revolutionaries and counter-revolutionaries squabbled over pieces of Mexico. After a short retirement, Villa found himself in the thick of the fighting again. First, he fought against his former comrade Orozco when Orozco rebelled against Madero. Then, when Madero was overthrown by Victoriano Huerta, a Diaz-era general whom Madero foolishly allowed to stay in power, Villa, Zapata and others, including Venustiano Carranza and Alvaro Obregon, all rose against Huerta — only to fall to warring among themselves when Huerta was deposed and Carranza seized power. Add to all of this turmoil the brief United States seizure of the port of Veracruz in 1914 to protect U.S. interests, avenge a diplomatic slight and blockade German ships carrying guns for the Huerta regime, and it's difficult to imagine order and peace ever returning to Mexico.

Throughout all this, Villa demonstrated the charisma and audacity that made him an internationally famous figure. Men and women throughout the north of Mexico flocked to his troops. His military maneuvers were marked by both courage and cleverness, from the *golpe terrifico* ("terrific blow"), a massive cavalry charge that swept through whole towns, overwhelming the defenders, to tricks such as

the time he invaded the town of Ciudad Juarez by capturing a train and sending a telegram to the town that the tracks had been burned by rebels. The train was ordered back to town, where he and his men promptly spread out and took control of the town without firing a shot. And he didn't use his cleverness against only his enemies — while allied with Carranza, for instance, he was denied the money he needed to supply his army, and promptly set about printing his own until Carranza relented and let him have whatever he wanted. But Villa was a volatile personality, and no one could tell what he would do next. During a meeting with Obregon, Villa flew into a rage and ordered him shot — only to calm down as swiftly as he'd flared up and cheerfully shake the unnerved Obregon's hand.

Villa surprised everybody on March 9, 1916, when he invaded the United States in retaliation for official U.S. recognition of the Carranza government, making the raid on the town of Columbus, New Mexico, that you saw young Indy get caught up in this issue. And, as you also saw this issue, the Americans responded by sending an army into Mexico after Villa, which brings us to that army's commander, General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing.

* * * * *

John J. Pershing, born in Laclede, Missouri, on September 13, 1860, didn't set out to be a soldier — he wanted to be a lawyer. In the years between the Civil War and the Spanish-American War, soldiers were not well-respected — they were generally assumed to be drunkards and misfits. But money was tight, and Pershing couldn't afford college. So when a competitive exam for a position at the U.S. Military Academy at West Point was offered, he jumped at the chance. He took the test and won the position, intending to get a good education at the government's expense and then return to his plans to become a lawyer.

But Pershing thrived at West Point. The hardship of his teen-age years, when his family lost almost everything, had made him a responsible, disciplined and serious young man. Those qualities came in handy at the academy, leading him upward through the ranks to become first captain of the cadet corps and winning him admiration as a dispassionate and firm commander, a reputation he'd keep for the rest of his life. He would never be well-loved, but he was highly respected.

Pershing's first few postings after West Point took him west, where he took part in the long battle against Geronimo's Apache warriors and the fight against the Sioux that ended at Wounded Knee. He distinguished himself not only by his insistence on discipline and obedience, but also by taking time to learn the Apache language so he could communicate with the Indians, something rare in that era.

In 1891, Pershing became a military instructor at the University of Nebraska, a job that most soldiers considered a vacation with pay, since the position demanded very little time. But Pershing made much more of the job than that — he turned the school's moribund military program around so swiftly that in his second year the Nebraska cadets won an interstate drill competition. He volunteered to teach math in addition to military studies, and he found the spare time to enroll in the university's law school and graduate high in his class. He considered leaving the military at that point to become a lawyer, as he'd planned, but ultimately decided against it. By his nature, he was suited to the army.

After a short time back in Indian country, he became an instructor at West Point, where he earned the nickname "Black Jack." You might guess that the nick-name has something to do with the card game or the blunt instrument, but neither is the case. His cadets, irritated with his strict discipline, called him "Nigger Jack" as an insult, a reference to the all-black 10th Cavalry with whom he'd served earlier. The nickname I was later cleaned up, and stuck for the rest of his life. Pershing, who respected the black soldiers he'd served with, was proud of the nickname. He later served with the 10th Cavalry again, during the famous charge up San Juan Hill of 1898, and in later years reminisced with affection about his time with the regiment.

Pershing's respect for other races and cultures was demonstrated further when he was transferred to the Philippines in 1899. The Philippines, in the South Pacific, had been wrested from the Spanish during the Spanish-American War, and the native Moros were rebelling against the American occupation. The prevailing philosophy was that the Moros could only be controlled by brute force, but Pershing thought differently. He studied the Moro customs, their language and their Moslem beliefs and befriended conquered Moros, so he could understand why the Moros acted as they did and how best to maintain peace with the least bloodshed. Though he led several operations against various Moro leaders, his knowledge of their culture enabled him to keep the peace in many situations that threatened to erupt into violence. And his determination to explain rather than brutalize won him the respect of the Moros — the Sultan of Bayan made him the only Christian ever to become a *datu*, a Moslem prince.

Pershing was so successful in the Philippines that President Theodore Roosevelt wanted him promoted. But Pershing was a captain, and the army system of promotion went strictly by seniority. As Commander in Chief, Roosevelt had the power to jump a captain all the way to brigadier general if he chose, but he couldn't give a lesser promotion. So in 1906, after Pershing had served as a member of the newly-formed general staff and as a military attaché in Tokyo during the Russo-Japanese War, Roosevelt made him a brigadier general, partially to reward Pershing and partially to protest the army's hidebound ways.

In 1913, after another tour of duty in the Philippines, Pershing was brought back to the U.S. By this time, the Mexican Revolution was in full swing, and the government wanted a stronger military presence on the border. Tragedy struck shortly thereafter, though — Pershing's wife and three daughters died when their quarters caught fire. Only his son survived. The loss caused Pershing to draw deeper into his strict military manner, making his career his life.

The campaign against Pancho Villa served as a dress rehearsal for World War I, making the army realize how poorly equipped they were to mount, maintain and supply an army even in their own back yard, as it were. And it's a good thing they found out in time to begin reorganizing, because less than two weeks after Pershing withdrew from Mexico the U.S. was at war with Germany.

Pershing was chosen to command the American Expeditionary Force in Europe, and from the start he had two wars to fight. Recruiting and training an army of over one million men and putting it into action against the Germans was only half the battle — Pershing also had to stave off the British and French, who wanted the American soldiers to serve as reinforcements for their own depleted armies and to fight under Franco-British control. It's difficult to overstate the importance of this conflict. World War I was a major historical turning point for the United States, which emerged from the war as a world power. If there hadn't been an American army fighting alongside the British and French armies, but instead only American soldiers under foreign command, credit for the victory would have gone to European commanders, with the Americans relegated to the role of "helpers." Pershing refused to allow this to happen. Americans would retain their national identity, fighting under the U.S. flag and taking full credit for their actions.

Despite Pershing's determined stance, there wasn't much of an American army at all when he got to Europe in May of 1917. It wasn't until September of 1918 that the American army was organized enough to go into battle under its own flag. Before that date, Pershing did allow some American soldiers to fight under foreign command, but he made it clear that this would be a temporary measure only.

When the U.S. Army finally made its debut, at San Mihiel, it was triumphant, routing the Germans from a well-defended position they'd held for three years. The British soldiers and especially the French, who had been fighting and losing a defensive battle for years, were war-weary and suffering from low morale, and the American soldiers' drive, energy and spirit were immediately noted as something remarkable. From then on, there was little talk of subjugating the Americans to Franco-British command. The Americans fought as equals, slogging through the mud of the Argonne and breaking through the Hindenburg line despite extremely heavy casualties. Germany soon sued for peace, and the war ended on November 11, 1918.

Pershing was much honored after World War I. He was named Chief of Staff under President Warren G. Harding, served as America's senior military advisor for years thereafter and was even consulted from time to time during World War II, despite his failing health. He died on July 15, 1948. But his greatest honor came on September 3, 1919, when he was named General of the Armies, the first and only American to hold that rank since George Washington.

Next we come to George S. Patton, another of America's most successful and most honored military men. Born November 11, 1885, Patton had dyslexia, a visual disorder that makes it difficult to read. Since nobody knew what dyslexia was back then, he just thought he was stupid. Haunted by feelings of inadequacy, he strove all his life to change himself, to force himself to fit his mental image of the perfect man. And since Patton came from a long line of Southern military men, the perfect man in his eyes was a soldier.

Patton did not overcome his difficulties easily, but he did overcome them. At West Point, his grades were so poor at first that he had to repeat his first year. But by the time he graduated, he had risen to adjutant of the corps of cadets, performed decently if not spectacularly academically, won athletic honors and surmounted his reading problems to the point where he was able to read extensively in military history through the ages, becoming virtually an expert on the subject.

Patton's hard-driving style, for which he

became famous, was evident from the beginning. He tried to excel at whatever he did and to make sure he was noticed by the right people to advance his career. As a young cavalry officer he not only became the first Army officer to hold the title Master of the Sword, but wrote articles arguing so persuasively that the U.S. abandon the curved cavalry saber in favor of a straight one that the new sword, when it was adopted, was built to Patton's specifications and known as the Patton sword. But it was in the area of motorized combat that Patton made the greatest breakthroughs.

It's hard to believe, from today's standpoint, that less than a hundred years ago mounted horsemen were thought to be the most effective combat force, but it's true. George Patton, while he was General Pershing's aide in the chase after Pancho Villa, was the first American to use motorized forces in battle. He and his men, in three cars, were able to take positions around a farmhouse so quickly that the Villistas, on horseback, were unable to escape before being outflanked. Though this issue employs dramatic license to show that battle, in which Patton killed Villa lieutenant Julio Cardenas, happening in a bar, it does show the aftermath correctly — Patton slung the dead Villistas over the fenders like hunting trophies as he motored back to camp.

During World War I, Patton became interested in tanks, which were then a relatively untried new invention, and was chosen to command the first American tank training center. In less than a year, he forged a brigade of tankers that, despite never having been in combat before, performed like seasoned veterans during the American offensive. And Patton commanded his men from the thick of battle, often running through gunfire to exhort his men to push ever forward. Unlike Pershing, Patton formed a personal bond with the men under him. Something about his spirit caught them up in it, and they didn't merely respect him — they would follow him through Hell itself.

Between the World Wars, Patton grew frustrated from lack of action. But he continued to argue the value of the tank, and as war grew near, worked to prepare a motorized American force that could turn back the German blitzkriegs. When America entered the war, he was ready and eager, as always, to fight and prove himself. His ambition to be the best left him frustrated, as assignments he coveted went to other officers. He was regularly in second place — in a supporting role or entering the battle after the initial invasion. But whenever he got a chance, in North Africa, in Sicily, in the invasion of France and at the Battle of the Bulge, he won headlines and dramatic victories with his audacity, his unstoppable drive and his ability to inspire the men who followed him to greatness. By war's end, he may not have gotten the plum assignments he wanted, but he got the greatest compliment a soldier can get — he discovered that the enemy had feared him more than any other Allied general.

Patton died on December 21, 1945, from injuries received in a freak car crash, and in many ways, it was a fitting time for him to go. The war was over, and the Cold War that followed would only have made him bitter and frustrated with its lack of decisive action. He died after his greatest triumph, after he had proved everything he wanted to prove, and he's remembered as one of the greatest combat generals of all time.

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So — what happened with Pershing's pursuit of Pancho Villa after young Indy left, huh? Not that much, to be honest. Pershing had been given a nearly impossible assignment — to invade a country without starting a war. The various Mexican factions may have been killing each other, but one thing they all agreed on was that they didn't want American soldiers in their country uninvited, especially after the events at Veracruz. So Pershing got no cooperation, even from Villa's enemies, and there was constant danger of a full-scale war erupting. Pershing's triumph, such as it was, was handling a lousy job with patience and sensitivity, so he neither made the United States look foolish, nor triggered greater hostilities.

Villa, for his part, continued to harass Carranza, and the Mexican Revolution wound down slowly with a series of assassinations and minor uprisings. Carranza tried to bring social reform to Mexico, but his government was too corrupt and he was eventually deposed and killed. Villa agreed to retire when Carranza's successor, Adolfo de la Huerta, offered him a 10,000 acre ranch and immunity from prosecution. Three years later, Villa too was assassinated. Obregon won the presidency in 1920, and Mexico finally found the leader it had needed. Under him, organized labor thrived, land reforms were instituted and there was a cultural and educational renaissance. In 1924, Plutarco Calles became president, and though there were occasional uprisings for years thereafter (including the assassination of Obregon in 1928), Obregon's reforms were continued, and the main thrust of the Mexican Revolution became a political matter rather than a civil war. At long last, the Mexican people were free of tyranny.